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In Behalf of Mr. Byrns.

IRONTON, Mo., Dec. 25th, 1891.

Ed. Register—The soundness of its Democracy, the ability with which it is conducted and the consequent standing and influence in Southeast Missouri of the IRON COUNTY REGISTER causes more attention to its utterances than is granted most publications. And this is so in an especial degree in regard to its utterances in connection with Crisp's election to the Speakership and Mr. Byrns' vote thereupon.

It voiced the disappointment of a large part of the people at Mr. Mills' defeat. But the writer has a few suggestions to make in this connection, which, in fairness to Mr. Crisp and to Mr. Byrns, should have some weight.

First. There is no doubt but that the entire West is in favor of the free coinage of silver; that the convention which nominated Byrns demanded it; and that he made the race and was elected on that issue partly. There is also no doubt but that Mr. Mills in his speeches in the Ohio campaign, like the Democratic nominee for Governor, got off the state platform demanding free silver, and urged that that issue be side-tracked till the tariff question was settled. There is no doubt but that that question—tariff—will not be settled for years to come, and to have followed that doctrine would be to continue for many years to come under the domination of the gold bugs.

It is fair to presume that Mr. Mills would in appointing committees have carried out his ideas as to silver as enunciated in his speeches.

Second. It is unfair to state that Crisp was elected by the anti free silver men, and at their dictation, in view of the fact that the Chairman of the Coinage Committee is Dick Bland—the apostle of white metal—and every Democratic member of it, save one, is in harmony with him. Crisp's appointments on that committee contradicts that allegation.

Third. Mills was a candidate upon the issue of a general and sweeping tariff reduction bill. Now were the Democrats in power in the Senate and at the White House, such would, of course, be what we all would expect. But, the Republicans having the veto power, every one knows that no such bill could become a law, and consequently none of the abuses of protection could be eradicated. Judging from Crisp's speeches, votes and committee appointments, no man could doubt he is sound on the tariff and in favor of its reduction. Crisp's election and his committee appointments mean that separate bills, aimed at the most glaring frauds of the present schedule, will be passed, and if they are beaten in the Senate, or vetoed, the burden is on the Republicans. But there is more chance of results—and that is what we want—under this policy than by a sweeping tariff bill at this time. These were some of the reasons which probably situated our representative in not voting for Mills. And I would suggest that Democrats be slow to charge our Representatives with corruption—a has been done—until the result of their votes show it; especially slow, when the acts complained of are shown to result in the more nearly following the fixed party policy. With the severe fight before us 1892 we should not war among ourselves, but rather pull together.

Yours, etc., J. B. WALKER.

Manufactories that should not be protected.

If there is any class of persons in this country who need protection more than the cranks, who are now overrunning it, it is the crank union. Scarcely a Sabbath goes by but some professed minister of the gospel, for the purpose of notoriety, is reported as giving expression to sentiments, the only result of which must be to create cranks and to lessen the respect that thoughtful people have for the pulpit and those who fill it. The Sunday preceding the attempt of the life of Russell Sage, a New York minister, who is a member of the Union League, of that city, preached a sermon in which Governor Hill was taken in his text. After berating him in a manner that would have caused a meeting of political leaders to have blushed for the speaker, he wound up by saying:

"It is not the voice of party or politics, but the voice of God speaking through the public conscience that demands that he be taken to the pinnacles of the world and flung into the abyss of eternity."

When louds of this all are paid by the people of a community for occupying their pulpits, and as allowed the free use of dirty and derogatory language, why should the country not be filled with cranks and its citizens in terror of their lives by night and by day?

It is the crazy unbridled expressions of those who are after notoriety; the unscrupulous and desperate efforts of the men who are seeking great wealth and power, and the teachings and acts of those who should know better, that is having its effect upon the weak minded of the country, and manufacturing cranks out of a class of people who heretofore were harmless, but "queer." It is to these manufacturers of crank that public attention should be turned. They are more dangerous to the public welfare than the lives of our republican cranks themselves.—Bellevue (Pa.) Watchman.

Overcoats and Cloaks (O. & T.'s, Cherrimanville, Mo.

Letters From Papa and Mamma.

VI.

PARIS, France, Aug. 23d, 1891.

My Darling Philip—

We got here very late on Wednesday night, and the moon was shining bright as could be. Papa knew just where to go, so we took our small bags in our hands and climbed up on top of a bus and rode in that way to the very house papa used to live in. The buses are large and a good deal like street cars, only they don't go on tracks, and they have seats inside for people and little stairs on the back platform that go to the top where there are seats for as many more. We always go on top unless it is raining because we can see so much better, only it is hard work for so many to come down in a hurry when the bus stops. We had a lovely ride that night. The moon shone so bright that we could see almost as well as if it had been day time, and away down every street we could see the long rows of street lamps. In one place there is a large open space about as large as the college campus, with lights all around it everywhere, hundreds of them there seem to be, and it is just beautiful in the night; and from that there goes a very wide, long street with four rows of lights, one on each side and two down the middle with places to drive in between, and all the carriages and omnibuses have two lights on them, so it is very beautiful to look down that long street.

Yesterday afternoon we went to the garden where they keep the animals that papa has told you of. We stood by one of the little yards where there were some sheep and watched a man feed them paper. They would eat down newspapers as you do catmeal, and ask for more. I should think they would feel just as hungry as ever after eating it. The monkeys were in a large wire house with poles and hoops to climb on, way up to the top. One of them had a roll of paper tied with a string that he was trying to get into.

I guess it either had a stone or a very hard nut in it, for after awhile I saw him chewing away on something like that, trying to break it, but I think he didn't succeed. Two others were running around after each other, up the poles and around and down again as fast as they could fly. Then we went in where the lions, tigers and panthers were. They had just had their dinner and were rather quiet, but the man who let us in made the tiger roar by striking his hand at him as he lay in his cage. One of the lions was sound asleep and the other was walking back and forth in the cage. The elephant seemed restless, for he made a great noise once in a while; perhaps the people were teasing him. One of the strange things were some goats; behind they looked like horses, but in front like cows. In another yard was a zebra beautifully striped. We thought he would be very pretty harnessed up to a carriage, but Uncle J. says they are very hard to manage and can never be tamed. (I have seen three driven abreast in a circus parade.) The prettiest things were the birds—swans, ducks, geese and flamingoes. These last are big white birds with some pink feathers in their wings and pink legs two feet high, so that they look as if they were on stilts. One of them curled one leg up somewhere that I couldn't see and tucked his head under his wing and went to sleep on one leg. Another one was eating, and the way he did it was to run his head along in the water upside down so as to let the water run into his long crooked bill and then out, while he caught the little bugs and ate them. There were peacocks and snipes and some very pretty blue-gray plovers with feathery crowns on. The storks in the next yard had long legs, too, and they could kneel down the wrong way, their legs bending just the other way from yours at the knees. I wish you could have seen the pelicans, large birds with such broad wings. Two of them spread their wings and then jumped at each other, playing together, and they were so big and clumsy that it looked very funny. When we had walked around the garden we went down to the river and took a steamboat and were enjoying the ride very much when it began to rain, and we all had to crowd into a little bit of a room down below, so that we didn't see as much as we wanted to. I suppose we shall get home the tenth of next month. I shall want to fly when I get to New York. I am so glad that you are always such nice times this summer and that you and Joseph are so well. Give my love to everybody at home, and give yourself and Joseph a big hug from MAMMA.

HE GOT THE VERDICT.

The Jury Acquitted a Man of Murder on a Queer Ground.

A young barrister, not noted for intelligence, succeeded in having a client acquitted of murder. Meeting a friend a few days afterward, the barrister was greeted with warm congratulations. "Yes," said the lawyer, mopping his brow, "I got him off, but it was a narrow escape."

"A narrow escape. How?"

"Ah, the tightest squeeze you ever saw. You know, I examined the witnesses and made the argument myself, the plea being self-defense. The jury were out two whole days. Finally the judge called them before him and asked them what the trouble was."

"Only one thing, my lord," replied the foreman. "Was the prisoner's counsel retained by him or appointed by the court?"

"No, gentlemen, the prisoner is a man of means," said the judge, "and engaged his own counsel."

"I could not see what bearing the question had on the evidence," continued the barrister, "but ten minutes later in filed the jury, and what do you think the verdict was?"

"What?" asked Gill.

"Why, not guilty on the ground of insanity."—London Tid-Bits.

MAKING A MARKET.

Stranger—Say, Sambo, I'll give you five dollars if you'll go through this village to-night and carry off all the roosters.

Sambo (indignantly)—I ain't no chicken thief.

"I don't want you to steal them. Just remove them for a few days. Then you can bring them back and I'll give you five perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by P. R. Crippe.

He Wanted to Know.

The elderly visitor smiled a capacious smile and disclosed a pair of gold-crowned bicuspids.

"Mamma," said Tommy, "what makes Mrs. Flyabout—"

"Hush, Tommy!"

"Carry her—"

"Keep still, Tommy!"

"Cuff buttons in her mouth?"—Chicago Tribune.

FINDING OF THE PHARAOMS.

Their Tombs Accidentally Discovered by a Hunting Arab.

The most generally interesting among the recent discoveries in Egypt was the finding of the Pharaohs, in 1881. The story has been given to the world in print, therefore it will be only outlined here. But by far the most fortunate way to hear it directly from the lips of the keeper of the museum, Emile Brugsch, himself, his vivid, briefly direct narration adding the last charm to the striking facts. By the museum authorities it had been for several years suspected that some one at Luxor (Thebes) had discovered a hitherto unopened tomb; for funeral statues, papyrus, and other objects, all of importance, were offered for sale there, one by one, and bought by travelers, who, upon their return to Cairo, displayed their treasures, without comprehending their value. Watch was kept, and suspicion finally centered upon a family of butchers; these Arabs at last confessed, and one of them led the way to a place not far from the temple called Deir-el-Bahari, which all visitors to Thebes will remember. Here, filled with sand, there was a shaft, unlike a well, which the man had discovered by chance. When the sand was removed, the opening of a lateral tunnel was visible below, and this tunnel led into the heart of the hill, where, in a rude chamber twenty feet high, were piled thirty or more mummy cases, most of them decorated with the royal asp. The mummies proved to be those of Sethi the First, the conqueror who carried his armies as far into Asia as the Orient; and of Ramesses the Great (called Sesostris by the Greeks), the Pharaoh who oppressed the Israelites; and of Sethi the Second, the Pharaoh of the Exodus, together with other sovereigns and members of their families, princes, princesses and priests. At some unknown period these mummies had been taken from the magnificent rock tombs in that terrible Apocryptic Valley of the kings, not far distant, and hidden in this rough chamber. No one knows why this was done, a record of it may yet be discovered. But in time all knowledge of the hiding-place was lost, and here the Pharaohs remained until that July day in 1881. They were all transported across the burning plain and down the Nile to Cairo. Now at last they repose in state in an apartment which might well be called a throne-room. You reach this great cruciform hall by a handsome double stairway, upon entering you see the pharaohs ranged in a majestic circle, and carelessly though you may be, unhistorical, practical, you are impressed. The features are distinct. Some of the dark faces have dignity; others show marked resolution and power. Curiously enough, one of them closely resembles Voltaire. This, however, is probably due to the fact that Voltaire closely resembled a mummy while living. How would it seem, the thought that beings who should be able, in the land which we now call the United States of America (what will it be called then?), to gaze upon the features of some of our presidents—for instance, George Washington and Abraham Lincoln? I am afraid the fancy is not as striking as it should be, for New World ambition grasps without difficulty all futures, even A. D. 25,000; it is only when our eyes are turned to the past, when we have no importance and represent nothing, that an enumeration of centuries overpowers us as a little. But in any case, after visiting Egypt, we all learn to hate the art of the embalmer; those who have been up the Nile, and beheld the poor relics of mortality offered for sale on the shores, become, as it were by force, advocates of cremation.—Constance Fenimore Woolson, in Harper's Magazine.

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